HEAL ART WORK BY THE MOUN-TAIN FOLKS OF THE SOUTH.

Mrs. George Vanderbilt at Biltmore Has none Much to Revive the Ancient Industry Quaint Names of the Patterns Dyes All of Vegetable Material

To the average American the mention of the Southern mountaineer calls up pictures of moonshine stills, clay eaters and family feuds. These are only the incicentals on which the novelists have laid

Go through this land of the sky and you seem to be in another world, so different are the folk in manner, dress and even language; but the articles seen in their homes are worth study, especially the work done by the women. Here and there one sees quaint looms and spinning wheels. On the beds, covering the tables, are curious and intricate patterns in covers and spreads. The woman of the house may tell how they were fashioned by her grandmother, but she is wearing a coarse gown of cloth she has woven on the crude old loom.

Scores of these ancient patterns are to be seen in Tennessee and the Carolinas, some literally works of art, and experts who have been studying them say that they are very similar to the exquisite designs which the women of the higher class in Holland and North France created centuries ago, although nowhere else in the United States save among the mountaineers have they been found.

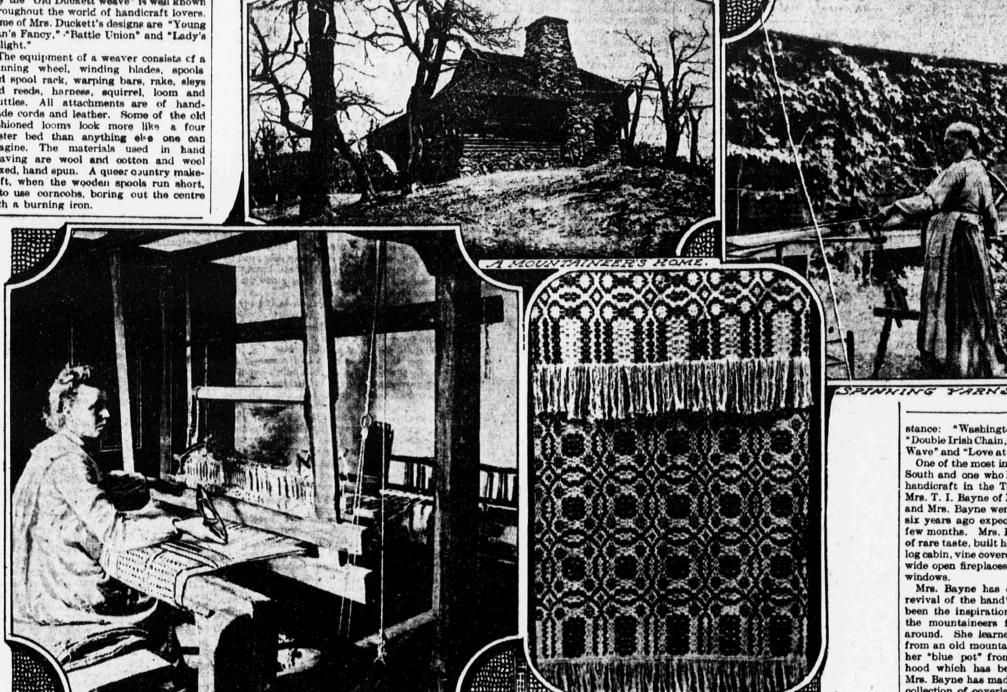
When George Vanderbilt made for himself a manor in the Carolina wilderness the hill folk did the work of transforming the wild into a paradise, with its terraces. gardens, driveways and parks. Mr. Vanderbilt noted their ability and faithfulness and they were put into his field and garden and pasture. They became foresters and herders. On the hundred thousand acres of Biltmore are three hundred of them Here was an opportunity for a woman to bring out what was good in her sex. and this Mrs. Vanderbilt has been doing for the last ten years. At the school she has founded in Biltmore village the girls are learning needlework and weaving, and she has gone far beyond the borders of her estate visiting the cabins of the highland women. She takes them yarn, furnishes them patterns, and buys their bork so generously that the handloom as again come into common use in the

Biltmore region and beyond. Much of its fabric is fashioned for dresse ad suits, and some wonderful effects in embinations of colors are secured, so the wearing of "Biltmore homespun" has spread as far as Washington, Philadelphia and New York city. Mrs. Vanderbilt perself wears an attractive brown and white striped wool trimmed with brown reivet collar and cuffs. The material s simply endless in wear. It makes attractive portières and sofa cushions, and may be used for all kinds of upholstery and rugs.

Vanderbilt has discovered several women who are really artists with the loom and complete designs which would seem impossible considering their crude appliances. One of the most expert is Mrs. Duckett, a mountaineer, who was persuaded to come out of the hills a few years

WEAVING STILL DONE BY HAND ago. Married at the age of 14 and burdened with the care of twelve children, she revived the homespun weaving as a livelihood for herself and the little ones. Today the "Old Duckett weave" is well known throughout the world of handicraft lovers. Some of Mrs. Duckett's designs are "Young Man's Fancy," ."Battle Union" and "Lady" Delight.

The equipment of a weaver consists of a spinning wheel, winding blades, spools and spool rack, warping bars, rake, sleys and reeds, harness, squirrel, loom and shuttles. All attachments are of handmade cords and leather. Some of the old fashioned looms look more like a four poster bed than anything elee one can imagine. The materials used in hand weaving are wool and ootton and wool mixed, hand spun. A queer country makeshift, when the wooden spools run short, is to use corncobs, boring out the centre with a burning iron.



The most popular color is blue, made from indigo and prepared in the old fashioned "blue pot," the foundation of which is yeast. The coloring matter is made by a recipe known to only a few of the older women; a part of the mixture is always kept to be put in the next "batch" to be made. Next in favor for tints is a most artistic brown obtained from walnut, lilac from chestnut, yellow from hickory, and purple from sycamore. Several oaks, sedge grasses, cedar, &c., furnish other attractive shades, but all the coloring is from vegetable dyes and will not fade for many

Tennessee is the weaving of coverlets, one for t'other," that is the patron furnishes the material for two coverlets; the weaver returns one, and keeps "t'other." It is very difficult to trace from the mountaineers the origin of the coverlet weaving, the only answer one has ever been able to elicit from her many questions is, My mammy and grandmammy wove it,

THE ZOOM

and that's all I know 'bout it." The patterns in which the homespur "kivers" or coverlets were woven are designated by many queer names, handed down from one generation to another and some-

An odd custom prevailing throughout | times plainly showing historical signifi- | more has been followed by other women. cance. Among these pattern names are "Rattlesnake," "Abraham Lincoln's Destruction," "The Chariot Wheel," "Beauty of Kentucky," "Wheel of Fortune," "Philadelphia Pavement" and the "Jefferson Davis" weaves. These people also braid hats and make the typical North Carolina split oak baskets, whose shapes are woven so as to be conveniently carried on the hips of the mountain woman, the interior forming two almost separate divisions, so that apples may be carried in one side and potatoes in the other.

The example set by the mistress of Bilt-

with your hame the with it."

"My handkerchief? Let me see it."

"See it? Yes; take it—no," taunted Mrs. Flewcome as she held the flimsy web to the light so that the black lettering stood forth distinct. "Do you dare deny your name, you wanton, you?"

Just then the elevator came up with a rush. Outstepped Mr. Flewcome, drawing rush him ungently by the arm a young

with him ungently by the arm a young woman dressed in black, whose features were concealed by a coquettish veil. There was something strangely familiar in this

was something strangely familiar in this woman's outline and pose, and I glanced instinctively toward the housekeeper, the eye reasoning quicker than the brain.

Miss Ruthven's hand was pressed to her heart. Her lips were slightly parted as if from shock. Her face was ashen with if from shock. Her face was ashen with despair. But in her dark eyes there glowed a brave light.
"Aha!" shot shouted Flewcome. "Just the

will do the business, and then this woman here can go with her baby—I hope the lesson will cause her to take better care of it. I told you, Sniffen, that I wouldn't stand I told you, Sniffen, that I wouldn't stand for any such hankypanky game about the Tawdrey House. I told you I wouldn't let a decent hardworking girl like Miss Ruthven there be spitted by a lot of idle and venomous tongues. I had my agents out hustling all the time, and yesterday they got the unnatural mother like a snapshot. I had intended to see her privately and point out the errors of her ways—it ain't my nature to be hard on women, I'm too blasted sorry for the best off of them—but when Mrs. Flewcome began to sit up and take notice this morning after quite a quiet spell and to accuse me of about the only wrong thing I haven't done I made up my mind that open confession was good for this particular feminine soul. So I served notice on her that if she didn't come here willingly and own up to the two or

served notice on her that if she didn't come here willingly and own up to the two or three whose opinion I cared a snap for I'd make the story public. She saw, she came, and I conquer."

"Very pretty," sneered Mrs. Flewcome, but this precious housekeeper of yours has just admitted her guilt—"

"Yes," said Miss Ruthven quietly, "the handkerchief in the bundle gives me no alternative. I am Cecile Ruthven—the mother of the child."

"Hell!" muttered Flewcome. "Have I slopped over again?" And I could see from his puzzled look that the appellate court was already at its rough and ready work. "It isn't true," protested Mrs. Bilboes passing over and patting Miss Ruthven

affectionately. "It isn't true—and I don't "Of course it isn't true," I agreed. have just closed up an important matter for Miss Ruthven, an inheritance from England which came to her in the form of a draft payable to 'Helen Ruthven. She indorsed this draft as Helen Ruthven

"My uncle had two nieces, one of who went wrong," explained Miss Ruthven in even tones, singularly sweet. "He drove them both from him. When it was too late he recognized that he had been unjust to the other one, Helen, so he made a will in her favor. I am Cecile-the one who went wrong. I know now where Helen is-I shall make restitution to her. She will forgive me, for we love each other, oh, so

as Helen Ruthven she has the proceeds on

deposit---

dearly. I am Cecile, I say--" Once more I looked instinctively toward the woman whom Flewoqme had brought. Silent she had stood during accusation and vindication. Silent still she was standing. a graceful figure strangely familiar. Underneath her veil I could see the bow of her perfect mouth. It was tense-drawn by the purpose that obstinately silent she

would remain. "Oh, dear," sobbed Mrs. Bilboes, "if the good God would only straighten it all out." Then the door of the Bilboes suite hesitatingly opened. A weird rack of a man, a half animated bath robe, tottered out with fleshless arms extended. "Cecile, Cecile," he breathed. "I have heard that dear name Miss Cassie Rogan of Russellville is reviving the art of patchwork and appliqué quilts in East Tennessee. She makes the colored patterns herself, but has the quilting done by mountain women. The designs are most intricate and wonderful, and the colors of the old quilts have faded into fascinating tones and tints that can never be reproduced by modern art. The only woman in East Tennessee who possesses the requisite skill for teaching this art of quilting is a

woman 85 years old. The designs or patterns of the old quilts have names as quaint as that of the homespun weaving. For in-"I am Cecile, dear Mr. Bilboes," said

sore—"
"I am your Cecile, George; don't you know me?" cried a voice as like to Miss Ruthven's as two bells of a chime. "Oh, to

out all right?"
"I suppose so, Joshua," replied Mrs.
Flewcome reluctantly. "If I have mis-

will be looking for invitations too. I know And from the stairs, where I fear Katie

the maid had been listening, I caught this excited comment: "Right, y'are, boss, and to the christening mound thus made and dig a hole in that too—the bats, rats and thraps."

A ROLLING PLANT. California Caetus Which Blows Around

yon by the winds which blow with fierceness over all of California's sand plat during those months.

At the coming of the rains, or rather cloudbursts, which sweep the desert in its springtime, this cactus takes root wherever it happens to have been dropped by the last wind of which it was the plaything and imme diately begins to put out all around it small shoots, which in turn become cacti,

exactly like the parent plant.

These young growths increase in size rapidly, sucking the moisture both from the

From the Tatler. Mile. Lubia Behrend, one of St. Petersburg's most popular actresses, adds £15 a week to her income by devoting an hour factured by a leading firm of Russian scent

makers. Mile. Behrend is gifted with an exceed

AROUND THE LAW. Col. Bishop, Who's Just Been in Tennessee

Brings Back a Report on the Subterfuges of the Thirsty-The Moonshine Industry Aided by Prohibition

GETTING A DRINK DOWN SOUTH

ALL SORTS OF SCHEMES TO GET

Deputy Surveyor John M. Bishop, known to his friends as Colonel chiefly because he is a native of Tennessee, has returned from a visit to his old home at Tate Springs with some impressions of the political battle down there between the forces of Prohibition and what the prohibitionists and others call the Demon Rum. The Colonel says he has made something of a study of the situation in Tennessee.

"The ingenuity of the man with a thirst down there," he remarked, "is working over-time. I never heard of or saw so many schemes for getting drinks on the sly. The umbrella mender even is in the business, carrying two or three short nips in the hollow of each umbrella handle One of a group of commercial travellers with whom salked told me a story of a big angular colored woman who increased the symmetry of her figure by strapping around it certain bulbous receptacles—demijohns, I suspect the contents of which she sold on the quiet, thus reducing her girth and increasing her

"Many arrests for 'bootlegging' are being made in the State and the blind tiger is everywhere. A merchant selling a bill of goods always slips in a bottle as a gift. By many devices storekeepers manage so they can dig up a sip of 'good cheer water' when it is urgently sought by a wayfaring brother. A brand of 'soft stuff' known as 'prohibition beer' is on the market. Being non-alcoholic it may be sold within the law. The merchant in addition to his stock of prohibition beer will have stored in his blind tiger department a stock of sure enough beer. When a stranger, a man unknown to the community and who may be a spotter, comes into the joint and calls for prohibition beer he gets it. But if the caller be a citizen whose beer thirst is a matter of common knowledge in the town, the storekeeper ishes out a bottle of real beer.

stance: "Washington's Plume," "Peony,"

Wave" and "Love at the Window."

"Double Irish Chain," "Desert Leaf," "Ocean

One of the most interesting women in the

South and one who has done much reviving

handicraft in the Tennessee mountains is

Mrs. T. I. Bayne of Russellville, Tenn. Mr.

and Mrs. Bayne went to Russellville about

six years ago expecting to remain only a

few months. Mrs. Bayne, who is a woman

of rare taste, built herself an old fashioned

log cabin, vine covered, with rock chimneys

wide open fireplaces, and rustic doors and

Mrs. Bayne has devoted herself to the

revival of the hand loom weaving and has

been the inspiration for artistic work for

the mountaineers for hundreds of miles

around. She learned the weaving herself

from an old mountain mammy and started

her "blue pot" from one in the neighbor-

hood which has been in use since 1797.

Mrs. Bayne has made a novel/and valuable

collection of coverlet drafts, some of them

on the original paper, old and wrinkled,

sometimes on the backs of old letters over

100 years old, the oldest one of which bears

the quaint name of "Young Lady's Per-

plexity." Among the other unique designs

secured by Mrs. Bayne from the mountain

women are the following: "Missouri Trou-

ble," "Winding Blades" and "Folding Win-

dows," "Leaves and Roses" and "Washing-

All Mrs. Bayne's looms, bought in the

nountains, are from seventy-five to a

hundred years old. hand made and fastened

together with pegs, the only iron being .

hand wrought racket on the cloth winding

beam. Mrs. Bayne buys her wool as it is

on the sheep's back, makes her own dyes

ently an Intelligent Crustacean.

the aquarium, and yellow lobsters are a

This one, which came from Gravesend

Bay, is about ten inches in length; with its big claws straightened out in front it would

it is yellow and brown, mottled; the yellow

being of a bright deep lemon color and

the yellow areas being as great or greater

than those of brown, while these yellow mark-

ings extend not only over the lobster's

some strange creature; but a closer inspec-

tion shows it to be a true and perfect lobster.

strange only in its freak colorings, and

these it may lose when next it sheds its

shell, growing one then of the lobster's

This yellow lobster appears to be very

intelligent; an evidence of this that it gave

the other day drew a crowd around its tank

In nature the lobster backs into crevices

in rocks, holding its big claws to the front

to seize upon such prey as it can capture

and for protection against enemies that

might attack it. On a sandy bottom it

might dig out with its big claws a hollow

The bottom of the yellow lobster's tank

lobster likes to dig. It will go to one corner

and scoop out the sand there and push it

over to the furthest opposite corner; and

then at some other time it will attack the

Its digging is interesting: the special ex-

the other day was incidental to this, in

are a number of green crabs Unlike the

claws, but it can run rapidly on the bottom,

and with its sharp pointed claws to hold on

with it walks readily up the front of ver-

tical faced rock s. A quick moving, agile

creature is the green crab, and one of these

green crabs here in this tank set out seem-

The lobster had dug quite a hole in the

sand over to the corner diagonally opposite

for more it was followed by the green crab,

The yellow lobster took that bothersome

ingly to bother the yellow lobster.

apparently bent on teasing it.

its handling of an interfering green crab.

place into which it could settle.

natural green.

"What is it?" visitors ask, taking it for

shell but over its big and little claws.

had, including this one, but two.

re about fifteen in

and weaves much of her own cloth.

windows.

ton's Victory."

"In the moonshine districts a dollar placed on a 'blind tiger' stump will turn to a bottle of booze before morning. An improved scheme in this same class is to have a blind drawer in a partition wall A dollar placed in this drawer will turn to whiskey when the drawer is again opened. If one is assigned to a two dollar room n a blind tiger hotel he will find a one dollar bottle of whiskey in the room. If he calls for a three dollar room he will find two bottles or a jug of firewater under the

bed.

"I went into a shooting gallery in—well, I won't give it away—and was told that my poor shooting was due to unsteady nerves. A wink went with this remark. Some pantomime followed and then a little brown 'Bettie' was fished out of a closet. It was disclosed later that my poor marksmanship had been due to the fact that the bell had been purposely removed from the target. The express companies stock up with dummy

been purposely removed from the target. The express companies stock up with dummy packages, and when the thirst victim enters the express office and incuires if a package has been received for John Smith he is answered in the affirmative, and after receiving the package departs in peace.

The prohibition laws in the South are not uniform in their operation and as a result some strange business freaks have come about. In Chattanooga, for instance, prohibition failed to carry, and as a result it has become the leading wildcat distributing point in the South. A saloon mannamed Rose, exiled from dry Atlanta, moved his traps to wet Chattanooga and started a distribution agency. His business has reached mammoth proportions. He operates through the express companies AQUARIUM'S YELLOW LOBSTER. Not Only a Curiously Marked but Appar-They've got a yellow lobster down at rarity; in the dozen years or more that the aquarium has been established it has

has reached mammoth proportions. He operates through the express companies and daily sends out many thousand packages to all parts of the South.

"After prohibition struck Dixie midships Chattanooga became the harbor of refuge for firewater artists throughout Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi. The saloon men, accompanied by the fixtures of their dismantled saloons, piled into Chattanooga from all sides, and the storage places of the two under Lockout Mountain now the town under Lookout Mountain now the town under Lookout Mountain now contain enough second hand fittings to rig out another Hoboken. The Chattanooga brewery found itself snowed under with saloon fixtures which it had originally furnished to places handling its stuff through-

out the South.

"The old time moonshine trade in the upland sections of the South, which had been well nigh exterminated by Uncle Sam, promises to spring up again as an adjunct of the blind tiger business. A real casehardened old soak if he can't tickle his palate at some local quenchery, will hie himself to a nearby mountain trail and get a line on a moonshine plant. This bodes no good for the 'revenooers,' for be it remembered these officers—who under old conditions upheld the dignity of the law at a mere pittance—will now of the law at a mere pittance—will now have to work overtime and even then not cop all the truck. The reason is plain. Formerly Mr. Moonshiner stood alone in his defiance of law. When the cohorts of thirst from hill and dale, fleeing before the praying, shouting, exhorting army of drink fighters, reach the laurel fringed foothills of the Smoky, the Grandfather, the Chilhowie, the Unoka and the Cumberland with red eyes, parched lips and fever blisters on their tongues, the moonshiner will find himself among friends who will keep his secret." keep his secret."

GREAT LAKE FOR WATER FOWL. Birds Found on Lake Malheur, Oregon -Destruction of Snowy Heron.

"Among the native wild birds the snowy heron has suffered most. It is practically extinct in this State because for years it has been sought by the plume hunter. The only two colonies in the State we have known of were in Klamath county and on Lake Malheur. Both of these were annihilated years ago. For more than a month we cruised Malheur Lake in a small boat hunting for the remnants of these snow white birds. In all that time we saw only two snowy white herons. I doubt if more than two dozen of these birds are to be found in the State, while in the '90s one of the plume hunters made more than \$1,200 in a day and a half 'shooting up' the

"From the sportsman's standpoint the sage grouse, or sage hen, is a good game bird, but their numbers are falling off rapidly. They can never hold their own like the Chinese pheasant or even the quail or the sooty or blue grouse.

"We found several new and interesting birds that we had not met with in our previous work. The bobolink, for instance, is a cenamon resident of Harney county and sings as sweetly as in a New England meadow. The cowbird and the Eastern kingbird we found all through that section of the State. We also found a colony of white faced glossy this breeding on Lake Malheur. This is a rare bird for our State and the colony we found is the only one we know of in Oregon.

"On the whole, Malheur Lake is the greatest feeding and breeding ground for water fowl of the Pacific Coast. I doubt if its equal exists anywherein the United States."

TAWDREY HOUSE The Foundling.

It was a week after the night watchman had found a baby, richly swaddled, in the vestibule of the Tawdrey House, to the of the guests, that I heard the clash o

indignation of the manager and the curiosity resounding arms sweeping from my rear room, which Katie the maid was setting "A lot of old bats, rats, traps and cats, the girl was muttering, "I vally thim no more'n dirrt. It was 'dear Miss Ruthven here and 'sweet Miss Ruthven' there whin

towels were missing or soap was shy, or cookin' in the rooms smilt too strong, or wan was cart dead to rights a-scrimpin of her hair with elictric tongs; but the minute her back was tunned, thin it was hiss, hiss, spit, spit, claw, claw, like a hull backyard of thim."

Here Katie emerged as flery as the sun through a cloud of dust, to grow the redder for my unexpected presence. It was only by means of long and adroit cross-examination that I was able to learn that her wrath was caused by the fact that certain women among the guests were linking together in a dishonoring way these two independent facts-the absence of Miss Ruthven, the housekeeper, on the first vacation she had ever taken, and the abandonment of the baby in the hotel vestibule.

I suppose it was all inevitable, for slander loves not only a shining mark but one which stands isolated and alone. Miss Ruthven had won her place as a stranger on merit, when answering an advertisement two years before, and what was known of her then was known of her now, and nothing more. Like a perfect automaton, she per formed her work perfectly. The phrase indeed, fitted her well. She was beautifu rather than lovely-a tall, finely formed woman, dressed in plain black, with a face as clear cut, composed and colorless as a Greek cameo. Her manner was slightly repellant to all, yet there was that about her which affronted women and attracted

been kind to you, Katie," I said, "but, re-

"You know, she nursed me through that rheumatic fever last winter better than a professional," I went on. "So you can safely leave her character in my charge. By the way, when does she return?"

"That's jist it, Mr. Sniffen," Katie answered. "She's t'ree days over time and her niver away before overnight, and there are odder t'ings, too-you know Mr. there are odder things, too—you know Mr.
Flewcome has taken the baby into his own family—the bull house is talking it—the bats, rats and thraps."
I was sorry to learn it. Mr. Flewcome.

I was sorry to learn it. Mr. Flewcome, our manager, was a singular personage, who kept in the background for the most part but who did something noticeable whenever he appeared. Success had made him a law unto himself—not a statute law, fixed and immovable, but a common law, variable, adjustable scoretimes decidedly. variable, adjustable, sometimes decidedly common. Nine men out of ten under the circumstances would have bundled the alf to the police station and forgotten il about it five minutes afterward. That e should have imposed its care upon his pallid and long suffering wife betokened the impulsive, ill considered action of power without responsibility. I ventured a word on the subject when I found him in a recess of the rear office wedged in between the back of the safe and a black cigar as

If you think I'm going to have the Taw-drey House turned into a pound, Snifien," be retorted, "you are vastly mistaken. find out who left that brat taying—I generally do know what they're saying That's a good girl, and a plucky. I'll bet she has had trouble enough to put

the silly sisterhood into the incurable class. Suppose she does keep her mouth shut; that's her business so long as she does my business, and I'm not going to let her have more trouble for doing it so well!"

Just then the voice of Billikins, the clerk, sounded from the front of the desk.

"Back again?" he was saying. "Well, better late than never. Here's a foreign registered package for you. I had to garrote the carrier in order to get it from him. Guess the old Earl must be dead, and the delighted tenantly are crying for

I craned about the corner of the safe. Miss Ruthven was walking toward her rooms, with actually a shade of color in her face. In her hand was a long, bulgy blue envelope, plenteously splashed with red wax, such as I have often seen coming from the office of an English solicitor.

sonal tribunal of the appellate sort, equally nearly throttle the life out of a poor waiter account of the lavish recompense fairly

It was characteristic of Mr. Flewcomto send the baby upstairs to his wan wife He wanted it cared for temporarily-she wa The thought of whether or not Mrs. Flew thought of her for a year or more until nov when she became to a degree available.

The other things too hinted at by Katie

a lighthouse keeper there was a rap on the door and Miss Ruthven entered with the wax besplashed registered package in her

and the delighted tenantry are crying for

A rough and ready law unto himself was Mr. Flewcome, necessitating a second perrough and ready, for the correction of the errors of the first one. I recollect once seeing him spring over the office rail and who had dared cross forbidden precincts with his tray. I recollect too that this same waiter was walking on air, though with a wry neck, for weeks afterward on

stuffed on him for this violence. there—there was plenty of room—why not come might relish this charge never entered his head. Indeed I doubt if he had had any

Not that he was positively unkind. He had simply left his wife far behind in the chase for fortune. Many a woman is thus cached, well provisioned, by some daring adventurer of a husband, to whom she thereafter becomes a negligible quantity Now, a human quantity, to be safely negligible, should be unable to brood.

which had cast willing suspicion on Miss Ruthven, came gradually to my knowledge. "You know, Mr. Sniffen," said Mrs. Bil-

"You know, Mr. Sniffen," said Mrs. Bilboes that evening, "that I saw her, positively I passed her on the street not a blook away that very night when I was coming from the station with dear George. And according to her story, her own story, mind, when she started on that precious vacation of hers, she should have been up in the Maine woods—woods, indeed; I guess it's high time that we all came out of the woods and began to look around."

Mrs. Bilboes was a puffy faced widow who had won a tearful status of importance at the hotel through the prolonged absence of her only son George. Now George had returned, bringing a trace of jungle fever with him, and she was quite set up as an oracle in consequence of this new woe.

Nor was this all; there never is any end to it when lovely woman stoops to tattle. It was whispered that Mrs. Flewcome had made a discovery—found something tangible, incriminatory, damning among the baby's rich wraps, and that when she said, as she had, that Miss Ruthven must explain a thing or two to her when she got good and ready to confront her there was ample warrant for her saying so.

And so both innuendo and accusation

got good and ready to confront her there was ample warrant for her saying so.

And so both innuendo and accusation were flashing their forked tongues in the Tawdrey House, while Miss Ruthven alone went about her business ignorant even that there was electricity in the air.

Another storm was brewing—that great storm of the summer that whipped down the wires, flooded the streets and marooned many a centre of city life. As I sat in my front room after dinner that evening with something of the calm intentness of a lighthouse keeper there was a rap on the

wax besplashed registered package in her hand.

"You have so often and so kindly offered to serve me, Mr. Sniffen," she began, "that I venture to ask you to attend confidentially to this for me."

"This" proved to be a London draft for fifty thousand pounds, payable to Helen Ruthven, and she wished it reduced to current funds and the proceeds deposited

in a bank to her order, without a word from me or personal attendance by her.

I had just gaspingly explained that my relations with the great house of Showne, Bripley & Co. were such that I could arrange

Bripley & Co. were such that I could arrange the matter satisfactorily, when without the ceremony of a rap the door again opened and Mrs. Bilboes, whose suite was directly opposite, entered tumultuously.

"Oh, Mr. Sniffen, whatever shall I do? she cried. "Poor, dear George is worse, delirious, dying. I can't call the doctor or get a messenger to him—I doubt if he would come such a dreadful night, if I could—"
She stopped short, stiffening her agitated features into a stony stare, as Miss Ruthven rese from her seat by the window.

features into a stony stare, as Miss Ruthven rose from her seat by the window.

"You have present help, Mrs. Bilboes, expert help, the best possible help, in Miss Ruthven," I replied gravely. "She nursed me through my lilness last winter, I believe she saved my life."

Mrs. Bilboes's features relaxed piteously. "If you only would," she murmured. For answer Miss Ruthven opened the door and followed across the hall.

I couldn't well help seeing and hearing, for Mrs. Bilboes in her stress had left her own door opened. As the two women entered, George sat up in bed, a wild and ghastly sight. "Cecile, Cecile," he cried, "Have I found you at last?"

It was a week before I came upon Miss Ruthven in our corrido , though I had sent her a bank book and a check book with the word that the amount of the draft was subject to her order at the bankers. She seemed unusually grave, her face being almost translucent in its pallor, an effect doubtless of her continuous and exacting care of George Bilboes. Her patient, she said, was now sane and in his right mind, though so spent from the fever as to be scarcely able to speak. Just then Mrs. Bilboes signalled from the doorway and she hurried again to her charge.

"Simply invaluable," declared the wid: causing to thank me for the suggestion I had made. She is devotion itself to George There is nothing I wouldn't do to repay her, if I only knew just what."

"There is something you can do without any hesitation," I interrupted, "and that is to put an end to this senseless and shame ful calumny. I can't acquit you of all share in it, Mrs. Bilboes. You know you told me yourself that you saw Miss Ruthven in the street near by that night. "So I did see her," replied Mrs. Bilboer Do you want me to say I didn't? I will

if you say so, but I did see her distinctly. I have thought it all over, and I feel sure that she was there for some good purpose which she herself will explain. But whether she does or not makes no difference to me I know as well as I know I am alive that Miss Ruthven is a good, true woman, who would scorn to do anything base."

"Don't be so sure of that, Mrs. Bilboes. said a voice so high as to be almost a scream. "I hope I am as charitable toward women as most, but when I find my own husband trying to shield the vile creature whom he has harbored here it is time for me to speak out. That child upstairs is Miss Ruthven's. She abandoned it here because she knew, she well knew, that it would be protected by him that should—that she might see it and care for it herself without being suspected. But God is too just to allow such things. He spreads a net for the wicked. I have proofs, proofs, proofs, I tall you! In her excitament, all proofs, I tell you! In her excitement, all unknowing, she bound up a handkerchief with the child—a handkerchief with her name on it—'Cecile Ruthven'—see, see, see,

It was Mrs. Flewcome descending the It was Mrs. Flewcome descending the stairs like some evil spirit, so noiseless was her step, so malignant was her smile, so cutting was her voice.

Cutting truly was Mrs. Flewcome's voice as it ended the tirade in a screech. The name snapped through the open transom like wireless, bringing instant response. Like a spirit Miss Ruthven slipped through the door—a good spirit, so exalted was her look.

Pray who is taking my name in vain? "Pray who is taking my name in vaint she asked.
"Oh, dear, dear," moaned Mrs. Bilboes.
"I won't believe it, Miss Ruthven; I won't believe that you had a child of shame and were so unnatural and cruel as to abandon it, not if you dropped fifty handkerchiefs with your name on them in the bundle "I am Cecile, dear Mr. Bilboes," said Miss Ruthven, supporting her patient; "don't you remember how you have kept calling me your Cecile?"
"Yes, but you are not my Cecile. She was gone when I came back. I have searched —I cannot find her—she may need me

kuthven's as two bells of a chime. "Oh, to think that you were sent to me just in time to save me from the meanest, the most contemptible of actions. I am Cecile Ruthven, with all that the name implies."

With the rush of a goddess, the woman whom Flewcome had brought, her veil fluttering away from her, swept over and supported Bilboes on the other side. The two white faces, so singularly alike in their classic beauty, exchanged glances—re-

classic beauty, exchanged glances—remorseful, forgiving, all loving.

"Bing!" shouted Flewcome, slapping his hands together, "I have it. I drew for a flush and I got a pair. Don't you see, old woman? They are sisters. The good one was going to take on herself the fault of the bad one but when the lover who never was going to take on herself the failt of the bad one, but when the lover, who never intended to be false, showed up, then the bad one was too good a one to deny the man she truly loved. You can see through a millstone, though you have had your head in a bag for so many years. Don't that let me out all right?"

judged you for once you have yourself to blame for it, for the way you have been going on. And what is going to be done with the baby, I should like to know?"

Then the appellate division gave its rough and ready decision.

"Oh, Mrs. Bilboes will take charge of the baby until after the wedding," he said easily. "As soon as it becomes known that there's money in the family the whole house will be looking for invitations to the community of the said that there's money in the family the whole house will be looking for invitations to the said that there is more invitations to the said that there is more invitations to the said that th

the Desert for Months. Curious among vegetable growths as one which is seldom seen of men is the rootless cactus of the California desert. says the Technical World. This plant, a round, compact growth, rolls about the level floor of the desert for some eight or nine months of the year, tossed hither and

rapidly, sucking the moisture both from the parent plant and from the surrounding earth. The roots do not penetrate the soil deeply, but spread often over a circle whose radius is not less than ten feet. These roots, too, are small, but practically innumerable, and they get every bit of moisture and plant food to be had in the territory they

A Lucrative Nose.

or two a day to smelling the perfumes manu-

ingly delicate sense of smell, which renders her assistance invaluable when determin-ing the proper proportions of the various ingredients in a new perfume.

And then the lobster turned around and went down for more sand.

Being stuck into the sand like that was nothing to the crab—it is a common thing for crabs to bury themselves in mud or sand, leaving only their eyes sticking out—and this green crab was out of the sand in a moment and scuttling down the slope after the yellow lobster again. Again the lobster seized the crab in its claws and carried it up the slope and thrust it into the sand in ing the proper proportions of the various ingredients in a new perfume.

Much of Queen Alexandra's favorite scent—violet—is distilled in Russia. It costs £10 per ounce bottle, and it has to run the gantlet of Mile. Behrend's nostrils as well as those of four subordinate professional "smellers" before it is passed as being correctly blended and ready for her up the slope and thrust it into the sand in the same manner, and it did this four times in succession, with all the people looking on with great interest. A woman in the crowd when she saw the yellow lobster walking up the slope with the green crab for the fourth time laughed aloud.

is covered with sand, in which the yellow

the corner from which it had brought it. From the Portland Oregonian. hibition of intelligence that the lobster gave After spending two months in the lake region of southeastern Oregon investigating conditions and studying bird and animal life in that locality Herman T. Bohlman and In the tank with the yellow lobster there William L. Finley returned to Portland Sunday These two ornithologists have been blue crab, the green crab has no swimming working in the interests of the Audubon Society, whose purposes are to protect and to pre-serve the wild birds and animals in this State. "Our trip was full of hardships, especially while we were on the lakes," said Mr. Finley. "I believe there are to-day less than 3,000 antelope in our State. Their destruction has been rapid. The antelope is an animal well equipped by nature, but he cannot hold his own against the invasion of new settlers. In a few years the last of the herd will be sand in one corner, pushing the excavated gone and the antelope in Oregon will be ex-tinct. The mountain speep also is practically and piling it up there, making quite a slope extinct in Oregon. I know of a small band still found in the Stein mountains in the southup between, and once when the lobster had pushed up some sand in that way and gone ern part of Harney county, but it numbers only five ewes and three rams. back down the slope to the hollow place

colony.

From the sportsman's standpoint the sage

The yellow lobster took that bothersome green crab between its two big claws, holding it far enough out between them so that the crab couldn't bite it or hurt it, and holding it so it started back with it up the slope. Any sort of lobster walking along on the bottom on its long slender legs and carrying its two big claws out in front of it is an interesting object, but this yellow lobster walking up the sand slope carrying a green crab a prisoner made a sight that was more than doubly interesting, and then a moment later, when it had got to the top of the slope, the people looking on saw the lobster thrust the crab down into the sand and then the lobster turned around and went down for more sand.